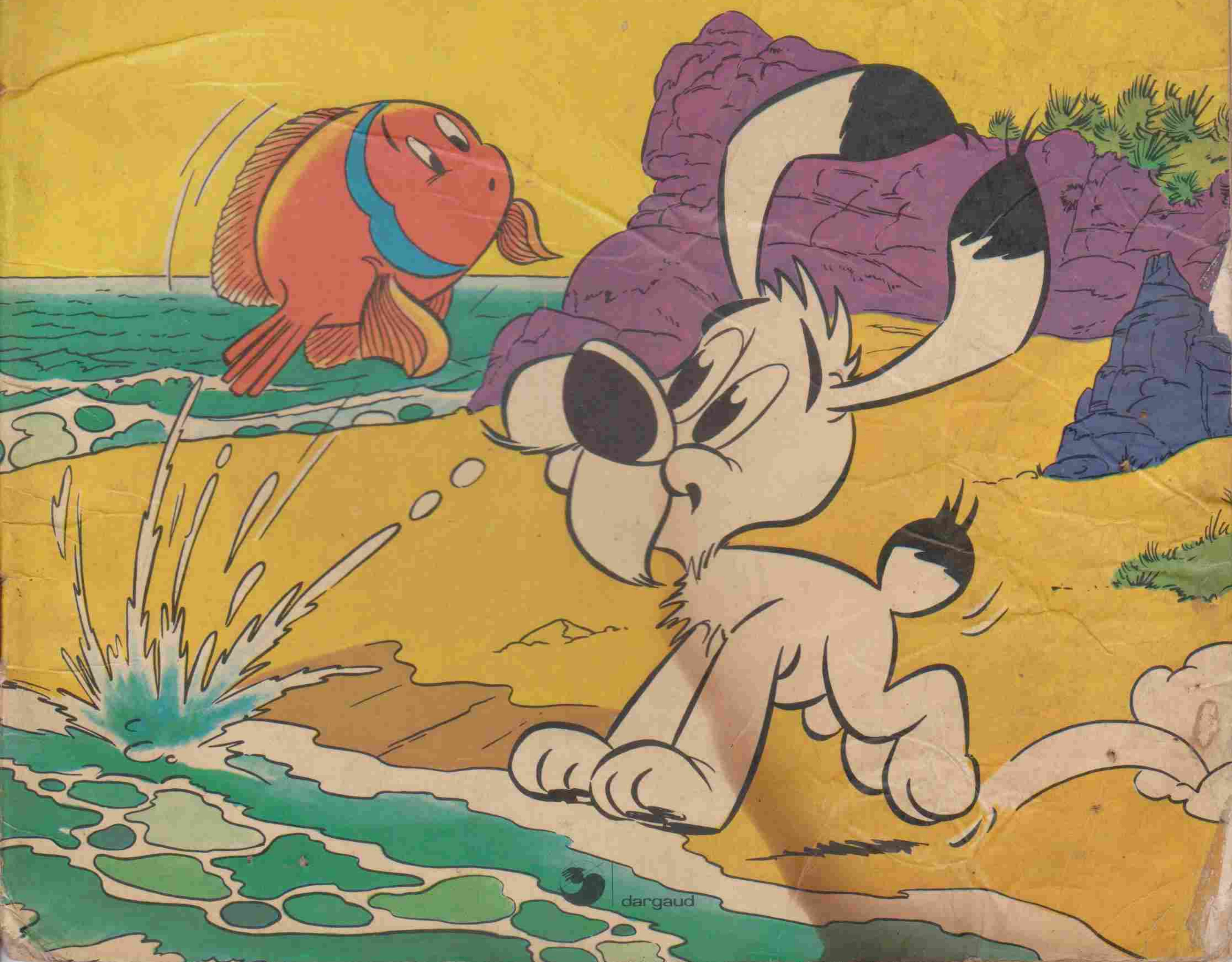


An adventure of **Dogmatix** the mascot of Asterix and Obelix

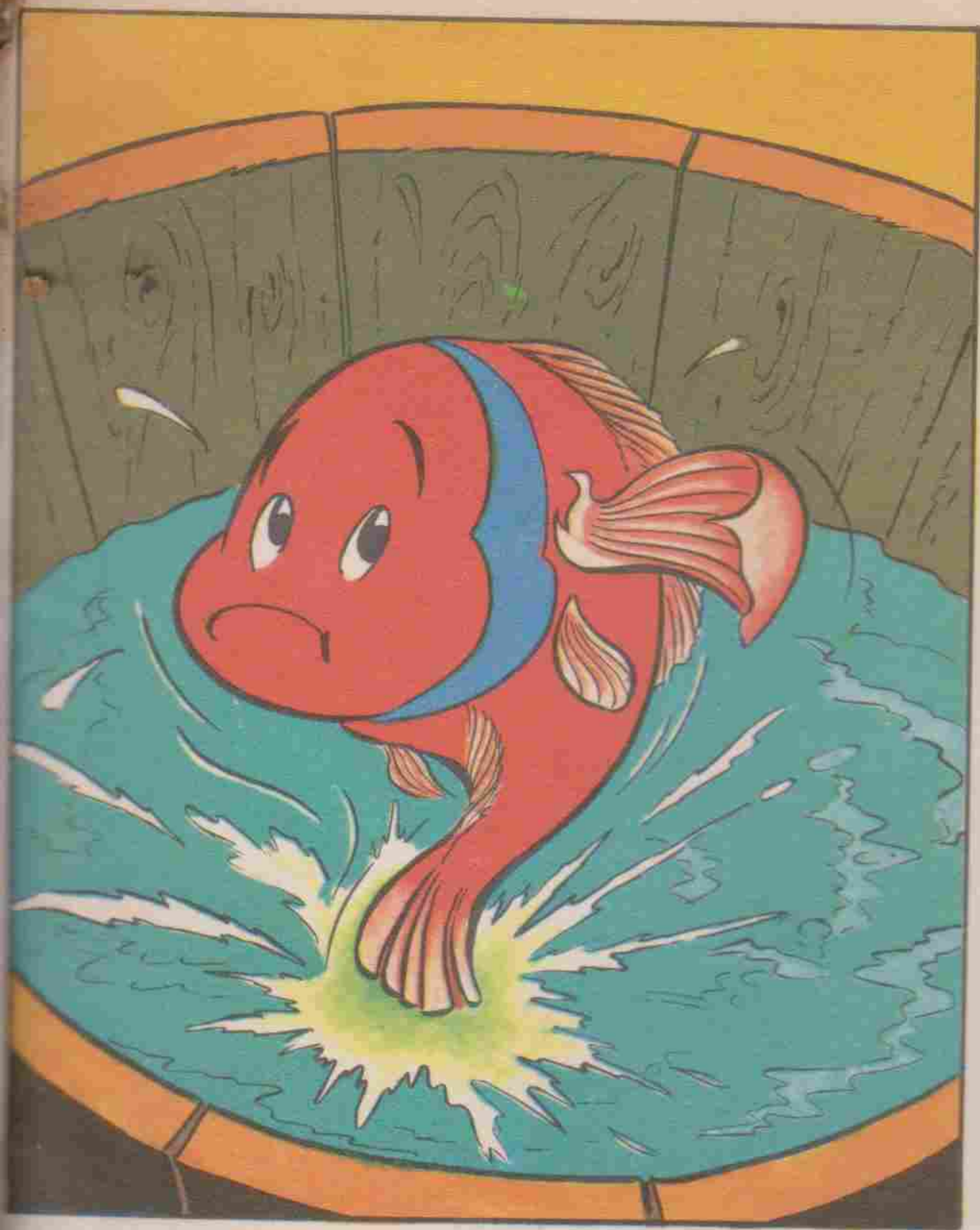
GOSCINNY

UDERZO

DOGMATIX AND THE LOST FISH



The next minute he was jumping and splashing and battering himself against the sides of the bucket, trying to get out; it was terrible to see him getting so worked up. Perhaps some food would calm him down, I thought, and I ran off to dig up a bone I had buried a few days before.

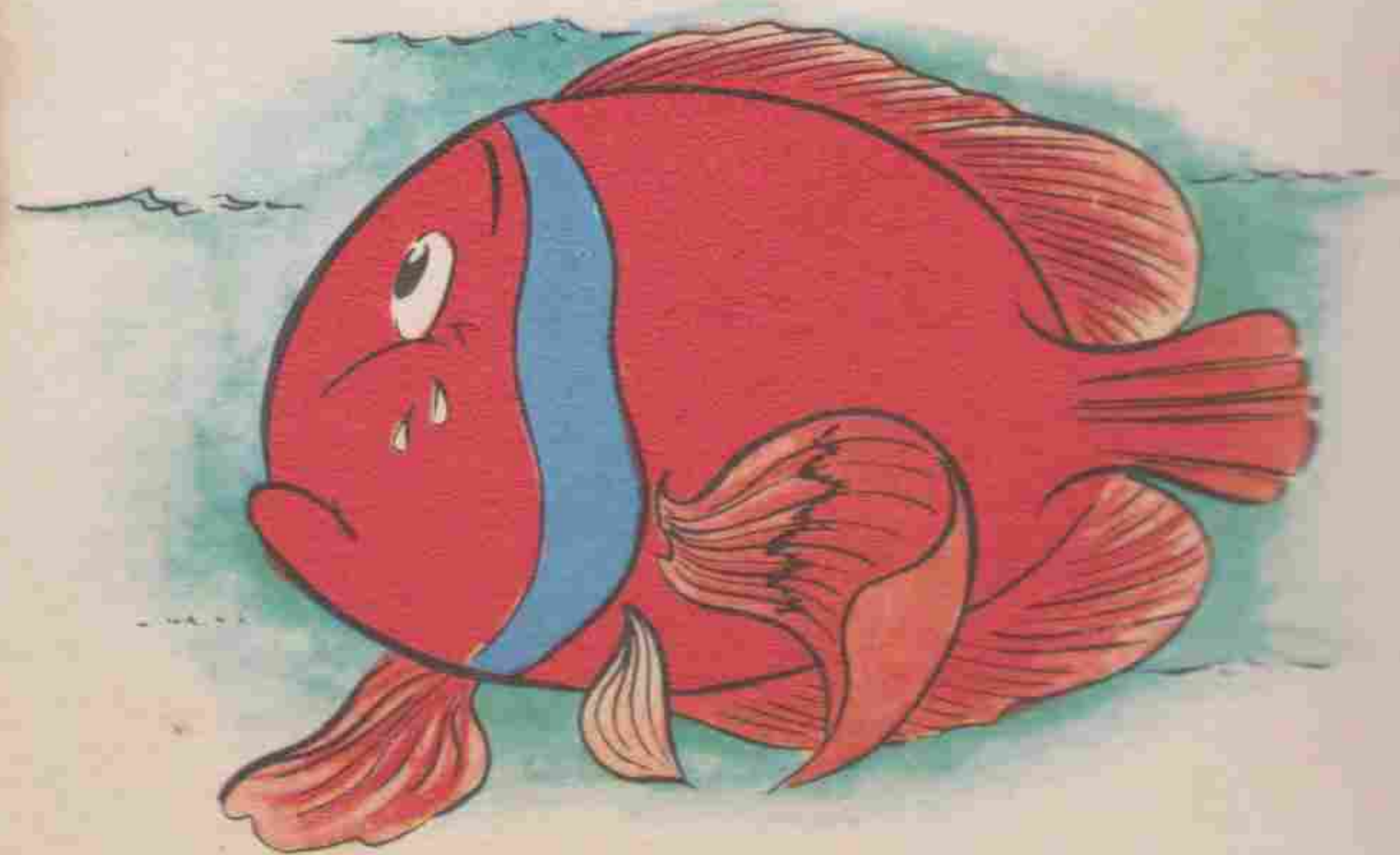


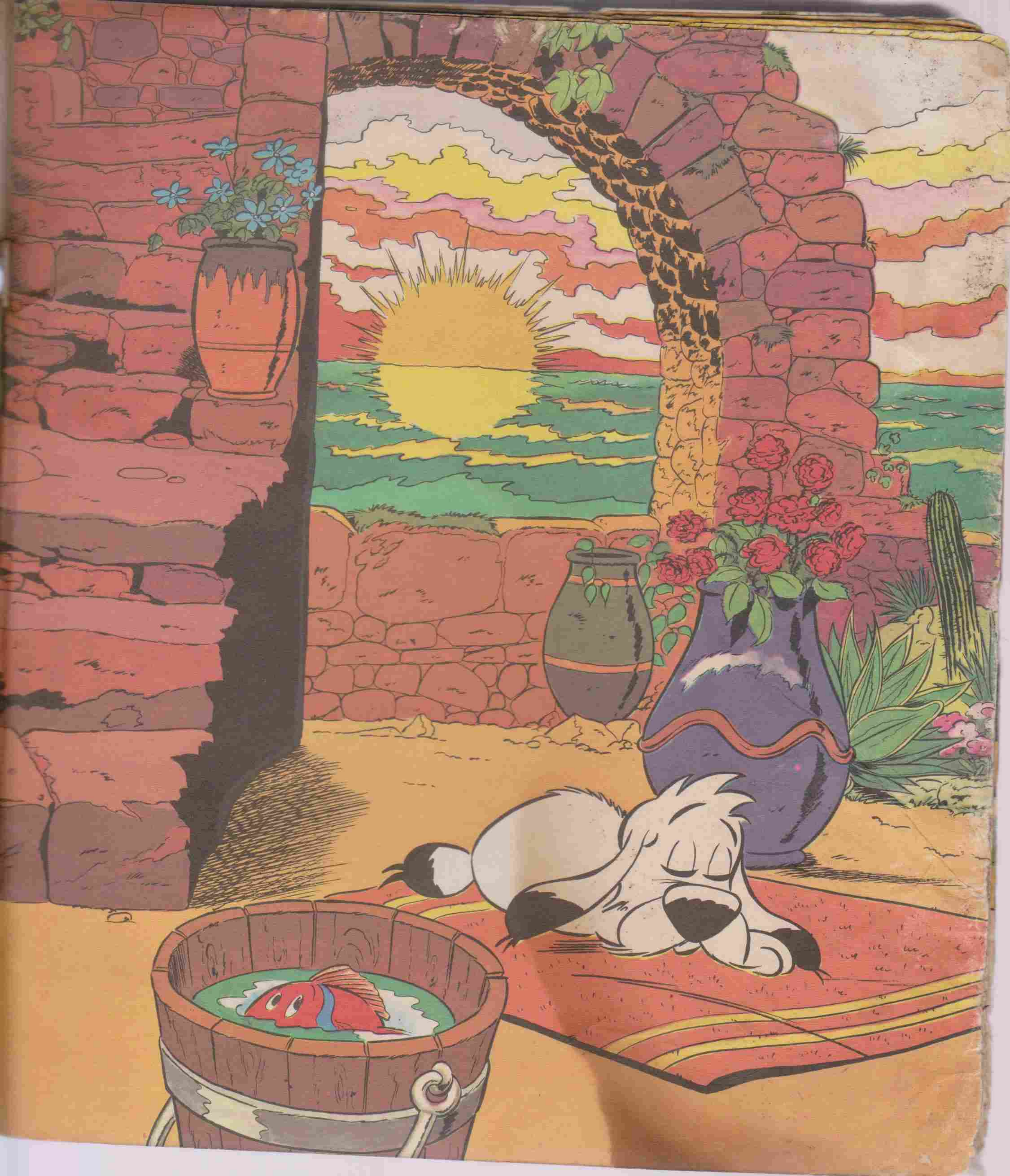
I shook the dirt off the bone, and plopped it into the water. The little fish swam up to it and I thought he was going to nibble it, but no, he turned up his nose and swam away again.



I asked him, in doggy language, what was wrong. And he explained, in fishy language, how he had disobeyed his father and gone too near the shore. He told me how miserable he was because now he was a prisoner and would never see his mother and father again. I couldn't see his tears in all that water, but I knew he was crying. I fell asleep as the sun was setting, and when I woke up the next day my mind was made up. I couldn't keep the little fish any longer; not if it made him so sad.

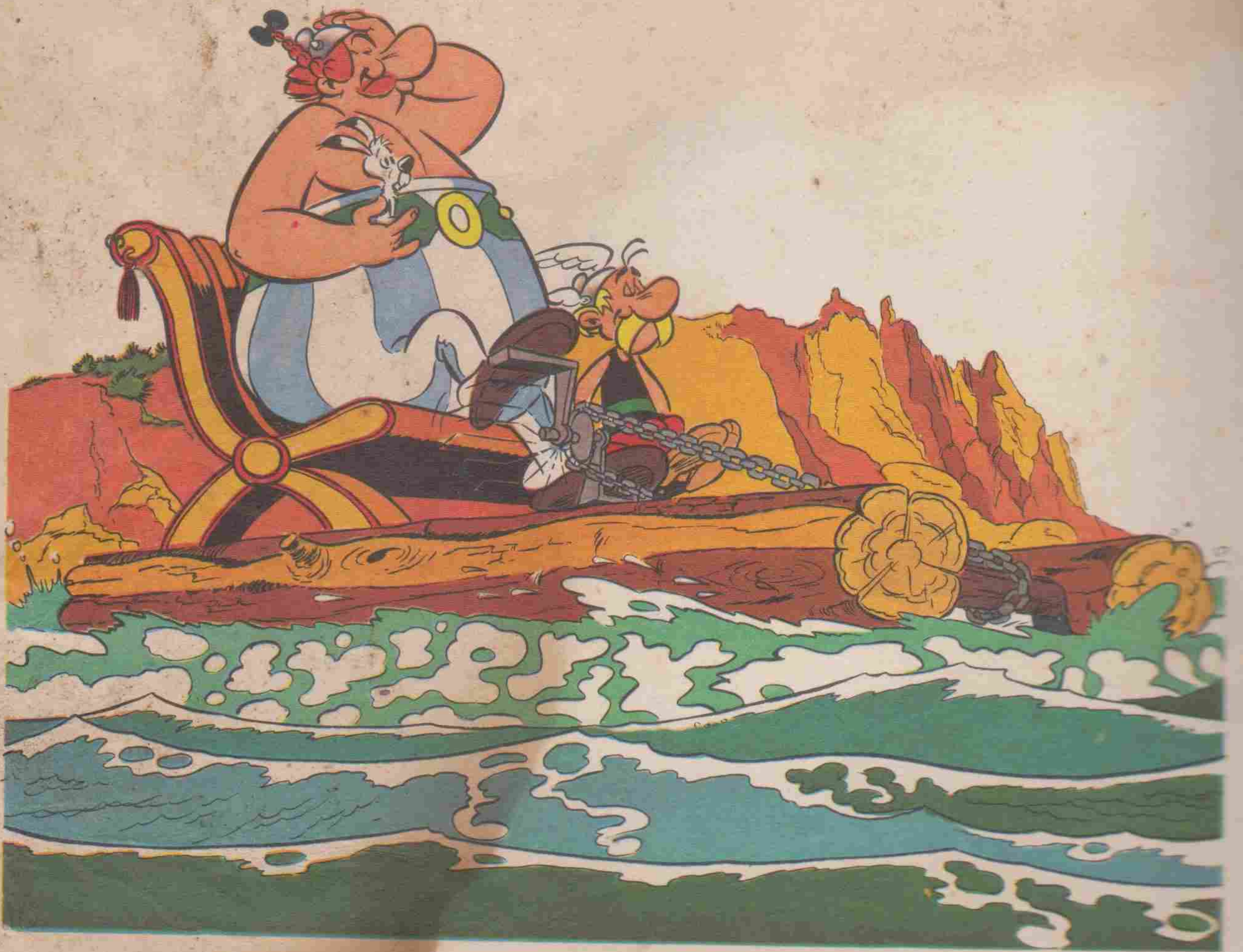
'You know, Dogmatix, most fish aren't too fond of bones,' said Asterix, who had been watching, and he went off to get some bread. The little fish gobbled up the crumbs, but he still didn't look at all happy.

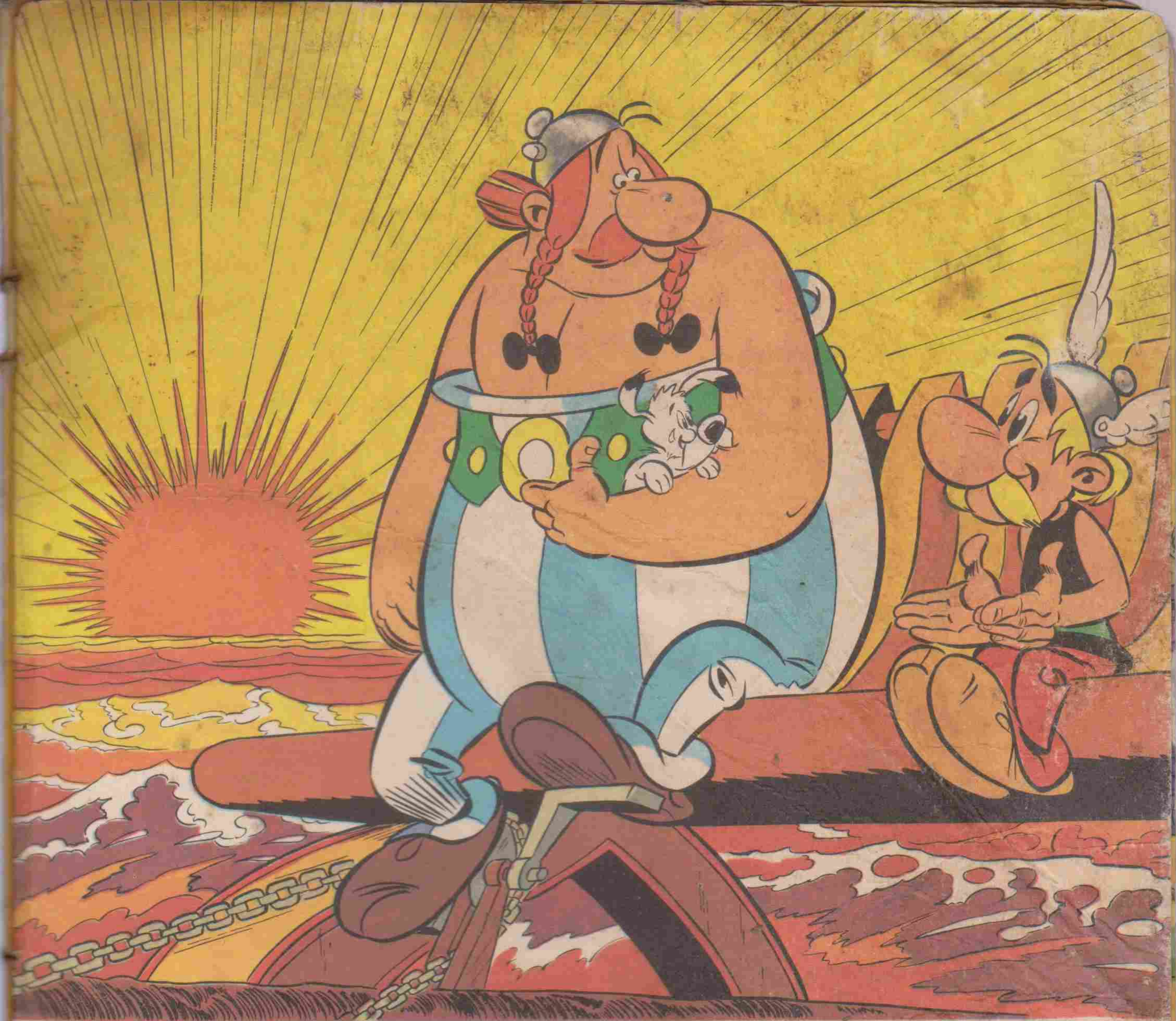




So Asterix and I took the bucket back to the beach, where Obelix was putting the finishing touches to a very peculiar machine he had made, called a Pedalix. We went quite a long way out to sea, and I slowly tipped the little fish out of the bucket and into the sea.

With a flip of his tail he was gone, swimming off towards the sun. Just as it rose above the horizon there was a flurry of silver spray.





‘That must be your little friend saying goodbye, and thank you,’ said Asterix. Funny. I didn’t know whether to laugh or cry.



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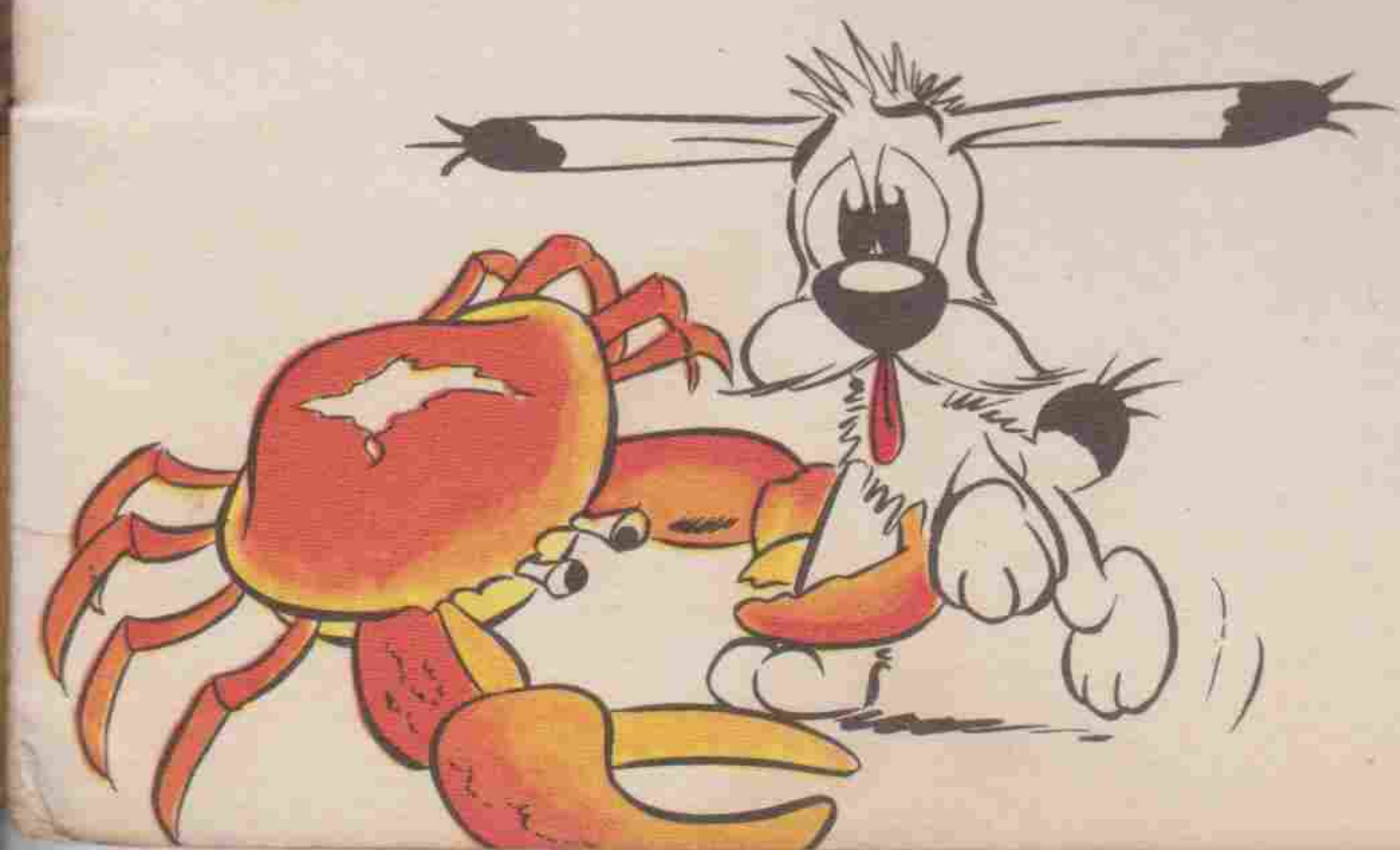
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Translated by Frances Vanner





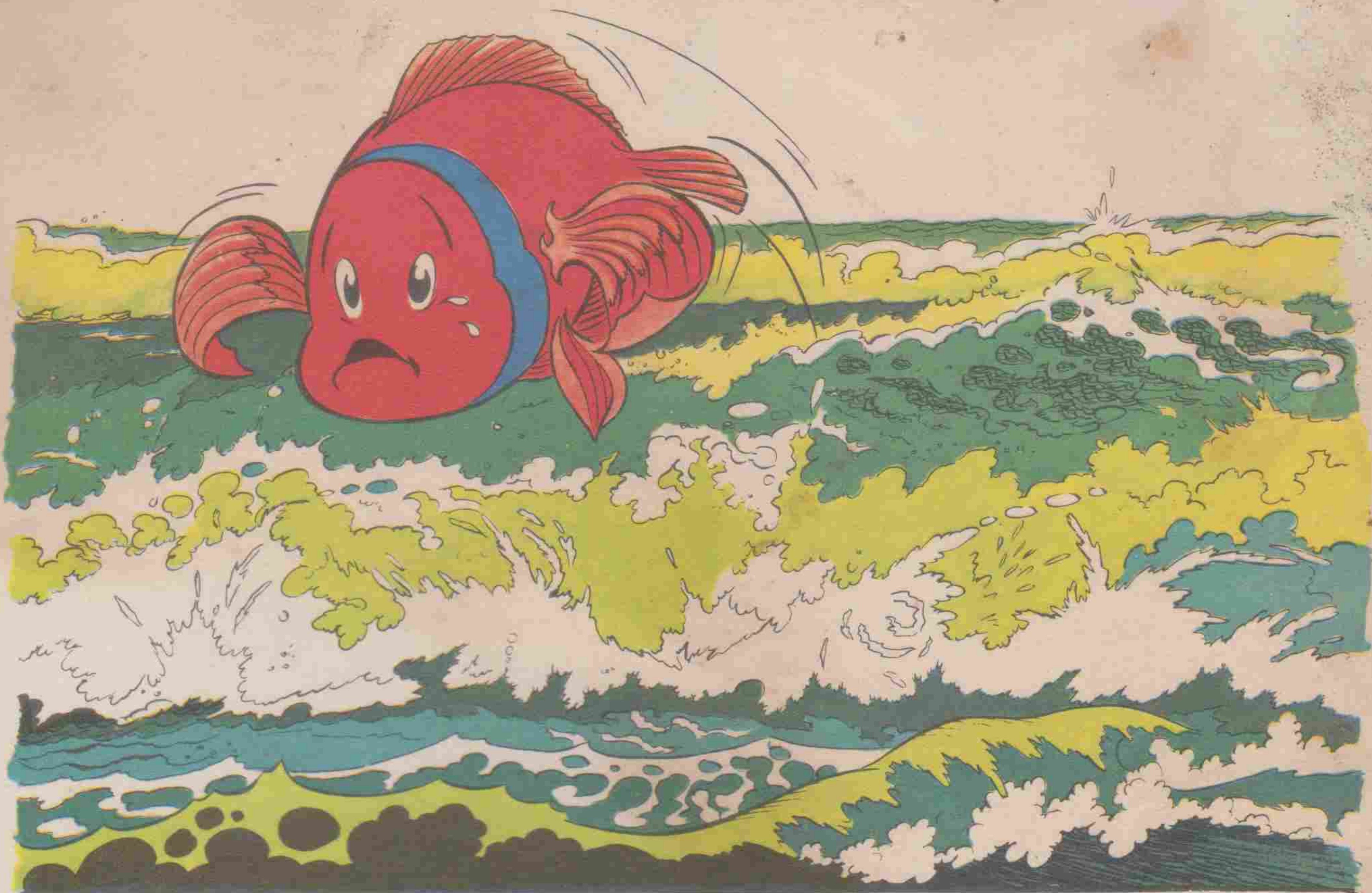
I went to the seaside for my summer holiday this year, with Asterix and Obelix. We stayed in a little village perched on top of a hill, with mulberry bushes and fig trees and grape vines all round.



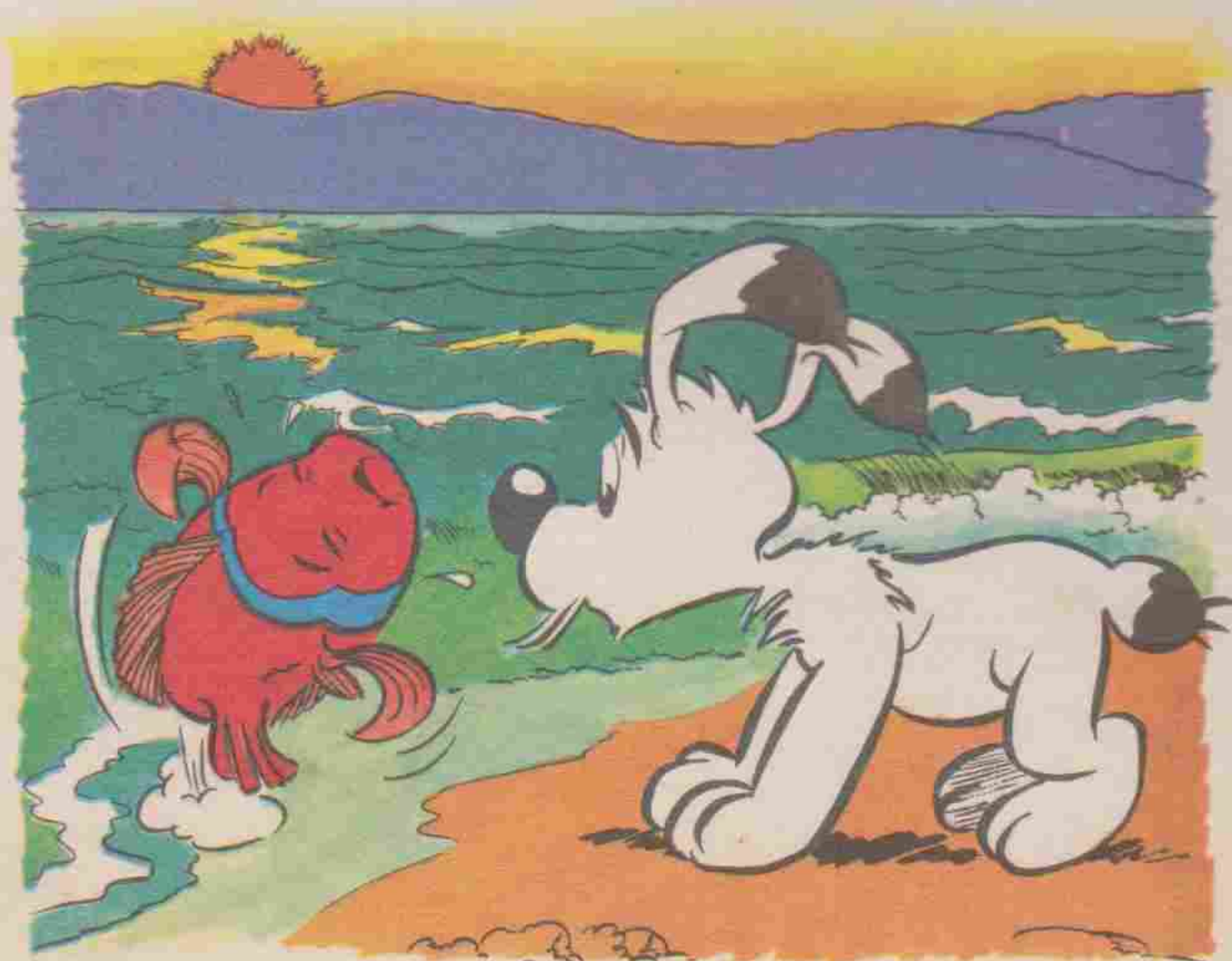
The first thing I wanted to do when we arrived was to go and see the sea, so off we went. On the beach I met a crab, who decided to shake hands!

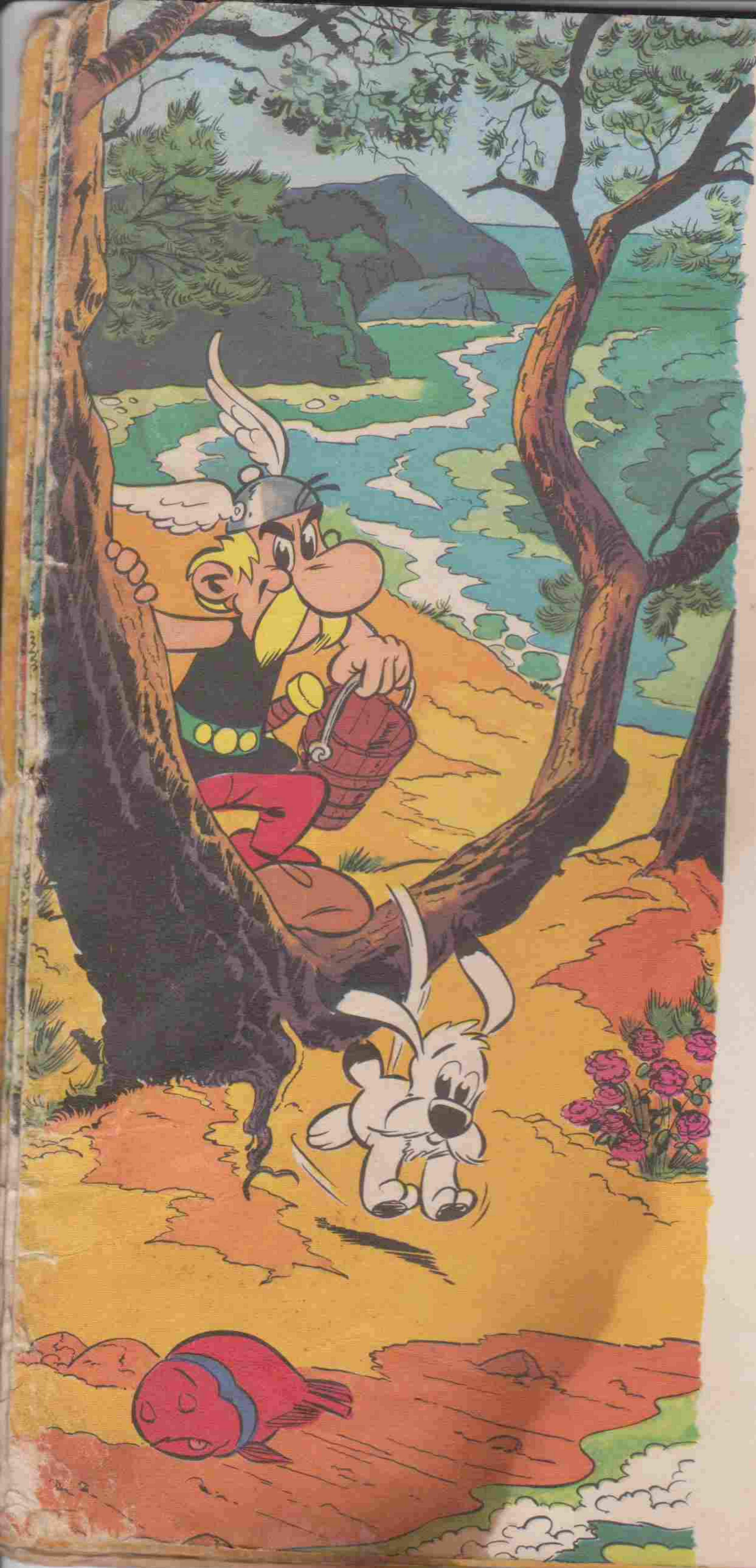


Meanwhile, at the bottom of the sea, a father fish was leaving for work and a mother fish was setting off to go shopping, and they were warning their son, a funny little fish, not to go too near the shore.



But the little fish did not listen to them. How exciting it would be, he thought, to see what would happen if he *did* swim towards the shore! He soon found out . . . suddenly a huge wave washed him right on to the beach, and that is where I found him.





Asterix rushed to the sea to fill a bucket with water, and very gently we lowered the little fish into it. Home we went, through the trees and bushes, and Obelix met us at the door:

‘So, you’ve caught us something for dinner!’

He wanted to put the poor lost fish in a frying pan! I growled and snarled to keep him away, and he started to laugh:

‘Don’t worry, Dogmatix, I’d rather have a plate of wild boar any day.’

When our friend the fisherman heard this he shook his head as if to say, ‘These northerners! If they ate more fish stew and less wild boar perhaps they wouldn’t be so stupid.’





Asterix put the bucket on the terrace: the little fish was fast asleep. Down in the bay the sea was calm and blue, and the air was filled with the scent of mimosa. For a long time I stood and gazed into the bucket, and at last there was a ripple on the surface; he was waking up.